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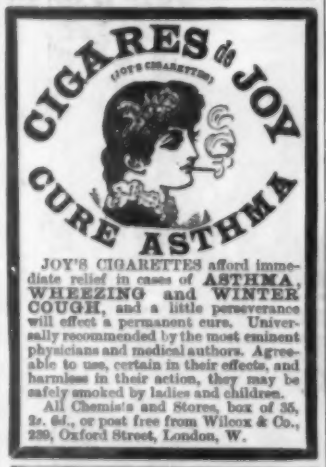

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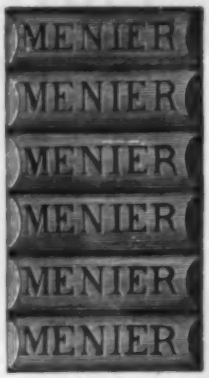

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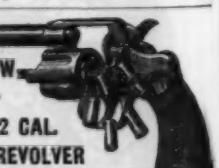

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WHAT OUR NOVELIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

His little Grandson is made to write (under dictation) to unknown enthusiastic American admirer of his works:—"DEAR MADAM,—GRANDPAPA WISHES ME TO WRITE AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, AND FOR YOUR KIND LETTER TO HIM, IN WHICH YOU SAY YOU WOULD SO LIKE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC AND MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE, SO THAT WHAT IS DIVINE IN YOU MAY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF MINGLING WITH WHAT IS DIVINE IN GRANDPAPA.

"GRANDPAPA THINKS IT WOULD BE VERY NICE INDEED, ONLY HE'S VERY BUSY JUST NOW; AND BESIDES, HE'S AFRAID GRANDMAMMA MIGHT OBJECT. SO, PERHAPS, YOU'D BETTER NOT.

"YOURS TRULY, JACK BOOMER.

"P.S.—GRANDPAPA CAN'T SEND YOU HIS PHOTOGRAPH, AS HE HASN'T BEEN TAKEN FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS."

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

ON COLDS.

PRIOR, I believe, tells us that—

> "Each changing season does its poison bring;
> Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring."

Or, as CALVERLEY puts it, in words even more forcible, the winter is the season when—

> "M's and n's are mostly
> Pronounced like b's and d's."

With me a cold does not take precisely that form, but it is, even without these mispronunciations, a serious and melancholy catastrophe; and, while it lasts, takes from life all that ordinarily makes life pleasant. I do not wish to intrude my own personal sorrows upon the reading public, but after all in this matter, as I take it, the pains and discomforts through which I struggle by the aid of hot drinks, handkerchiefs, and all the other infernal paraphernalia of this minor fever, have been endured to an equal extent by the public at large. Now, nothing more consoles an invalid than to recount his desperate woes to his friends, and to assure himself of their sympathy by allowing them in turn—not at the same length, of course: no man's illness is ever so serious as one's own—to communicate their distressing symp'oms to him. Let me, therefore, put myself in an entirely impartial position, and imagine that in reciting my own experiences I am really listening to those of a very dear and intimate friend—which is, indeed, the case.

THE beginnings, then, of the colds to which my friend is occasionally a martyr, are invariably sudden and explosive. At one moment he walks erect, proud in the consciousness of perfect health. His eye is undimmed, his mind is clear, his muscles are firmly braced, his voice is resonant. Then, without a warning, three terrible detonations shake the house in quick succession. There comes a pause, and then two more rend the rafters. He has sneezed five times—the number five is fatal to him—and he knows that a cold has him in its clutches. At these well-known and terrific sounds the establishment is convulsed. "He's got it," the butler remarks to the cook. "Yes, and it's a bad one. He's managed to keep it off a good long time this season, but I knew it had got to come. MARY, put his blue shawl in his bed, make up his fire, and don't forget the hot-water bottle." At these words from the mistress of the kitchen, the housemaid bustles away to make the customary preparations, and the butler, having placed his master's slippers by the fire, immediately busies himself with the brew of a jorum of port-wine negus or mulled claret, specifics sanctified by a long household tradition as the first line of defence, the domestic navy, against the treacherous attacks of the cold-fiend.

THE five sneezes have been the signal for the mobilisation of the home army. No further orders are required from the unfortunate master, even if he were capable of giving any. But as for him, the well-cushioned seat of his arm-chair receives him. There he reclines, huddled, a mere semblance of a man, now racked with despair, now tortured with illusive hope, and the walls re-echo with the trumpet sounds of his affliction. Not otherwise an eagle, borne aloft upon the invincible power of spreading wings, beholds upon the plain below a kid, sporting in the meadows. Downward he starts from the upper heights, his fierce spirit aflame with the desire of prey, ruffled as to his haughty plumage, and, with rending beak and greedy talons, seizes the soft offspring of the mother-goat. In vain its bleatings fill the air; in vain its sorrowing parents and the flocks of the shepherds pour forth lamentations, and witness each departure with black grief gnawing at their hearts. Up, and ever up, soars the kingly bird, depositing his prize, at length, in his eyrie, a feast not unappreciated by the partner of his throne and her soft-plumaged brood. But, below, the mother-goat is desolate, nor do the rich pastures give her comfort. So a cold—— Well, in fact, to finish with the simile, the cold is as an eagle, the cold's victim is as the kid; and beyond a general resemblance, it is never possible to press a simile in the classic form.

BUT, as I said, the sufferer lies in his armchair, and at first he hopes. A cold! pooh, the notion is absurd. The weather is warm and spring-like; he has not been conscious of damp socks or sitting in draughts, or any other rashness. It can't be a real cold; merely a fit of sneezing which will pass away and leave no trace. So he thinks, but all the time there are little creeping shivers, the demon's *antennæ*, playing up and down his spine; his skin turns to that of a goose; he shifts himself closer and closer to the fire without acquiring any warmth; his hair seems endowed with a malignantly independent existence; each separate hair begins to sting him, then they all combine and rake his throbbing head with a deadly persistence, and eventually the careful butler enters unsummoned with a relay of dry handkerchiefs on a tray, and an announcement that dinner will be ready shortly, that he doesn't suppose his master intends to dress, and will he have the usual amount of sugar in the hot port wine. After this, only one hope remains. He lights a cigarette. Misery—he cannot taste it. Then he is, indeed, in for a cold.

No matter: it shall be checked—nipped in the bud. Feed a cold and starve a fever; wherefore, immense quantities of food are consumed—and all to no avail. For the handkerchief, the white flag of surrender, flutters without ceasing, the eyes pour with copious tears, the tongue is parched. And as he enters his bedroom the sufferer sees the ancient blue shawl deftly and invitingly spread, the shawl that is brought out only for these calamities, and retires to its cupboard with reluctance long after all danger is over; and a bulge in the bedclothes proclaims that beneath that spot lies snugly nestling the hot-water bottle which is to spread its comfort from the feet upward through the whole system, and bake him in his bed. I need not protract the pitiful story. Men laugh at colds, but for real misery, for the misery which leaving you strength takes away joy, which tosses and tortures and roasts and freezes, which tears you and then tears each separate piece, which makes tobacco a loathing, and robs even a Norwegian anchovy of taste—for such a misery as this there is only one name, and the name is Cold. May it perish from the land.

SPECIAL NEW WOMAN SERVICE.—It has been announced that the Reverend AUGUSTA CHAPIN, D.D.—who might be familiarly addressed as "Chappie," or, "Young Chap"—has resigned her pastorate (sweet shepherdess!), and is coming to London. If her Reverence occupies a pulpit, then in the choir will be MRS. CHANT.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE NORTH.

The Arrival.

"All precious things discover'd late
To those that seek them issue forth,
For 'pluck' in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden 'North.'
The many fail: the one succeeds!"—*Tennyson.*

["Dr. Nansen has reached North Pole, found land, and is returning."]

PUTTING IT NICELY.

Young Lady (politely, to old Gentleman who is fiddling with gap). "I DON'T WISH TO HURRY YOU, SIR, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE QUITE FINISHED YOUR GAME OF SPILIKINS I SHOULD LIKE TO COME!"

"BETRAYED BY THE INTERVIEWER!"

(*Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance,*)

RUPERT had done his best to conciliate the representative of *The Detective*, the newest of the long series of interviewing periodicals. He had lunched him, smoked with him, joked with him. He believed that he had created a favourable impression. If he had to complain of anything, it was of the scanty attention paid to his stories, and the noise made by an apparatus that was brought into his study by the investigator.

"You will let me see the article when it appears," said RUPERT, as he bade his guest farewell.

"Certainly," was the answer; and the two men parted.

"I trust that he will not omit my narrative of good work and good deeds," thought the now lonely celebrity; "if he sets down all I related, I shall appear as a hero and a saint. And why not?"

A fortnight later and the two were once again face to face. But now RUPERT was furious.

"What do you mean, Sir, by proving me to be a coward and an imposter?" he shouted.

"I merely reproduced your thoughts," was the calm response.

"But I told you nothing to my disadvantage," cried RUPERT, angrily. "How can you know what was passing through my mind?"

"By using the simple contrivance to which you took exception when I brought it with me into your study."

"I do not understand you."

"You will when I tell you that I photographed the working of your brain, and thus learned the secrets you would have hidden from me! And now I will explain scientifically——"

But RUPERT heard no more. The unfortunate celebrity had fainted!

NEW TITLE (*suggested by the Right Hon. J. Ch-mb-rl-n*).—PRESIDENT KRÜGER; or, "OOM-RULE PAUL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Chief of O. B. O. is not addicted to strong language, but, having perused all the stories in *The Sand Sea*, he takes his Davey, which expression, whatever it may otherwise imply, means, in this instance, his "RICHARD DAVEY," author of this work, that rarely has he come across so good a compilation of short stories—all telling and all well told, none of them occupying more than the space of a thorough reader's "spare half-hour"—as he has found in the small volume (title mentioned above) published by the Roxburgh Press. No "problems" or mysteries among them. "*Davey sum, non Œdipus*," says, in effect, the author. "I recommend the volume to all, and, *more Oliveri*, ask for more," says THE BARON.

"POLICE!"—"Hardly a week has passed without complaints being lodged with the police," wrote the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *à propos* of brutal murder at Muswell Hill. The paragraph finished with "*As yet the police have no clue.*" What! not with all these "complaints lodged with the police" almost every week "for some months past"!! Then follows "*The police theory is*"—and so forth. Of what use is "theory" of police, as against "practice" of burglars? When "Preventive Force," after being specially warned, does *not* "prevent," there is evidently something organically wrong.

"ON, STANLEY, ON."—Thus we address that talented actress, Miss ALMA STANLEY, who, after reports all to the contrary, nevertheless and notwithstanding, is alive, and, we trust, well. "On, STANLEY, on"—the stage again!

LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW WOMAN.—Girton girls going in for a "Gamble."

NEW NAME FOR A PARTY IN THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—The Pro-Aggressives.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—The Flying Squadron.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A.)

No. V.

In which Mr. Jabberjee expresses his Opinions on Bicycling as a Pastime.

In consequence of the increasing demands of the incomparable Miss Jessimina upon the dancing attendance of your humble servant, I am lately become as idle as a newly painted ship, and have not drunk in the legal wisdom of the learned *Gooroos* who lecture in the hall of my Inn of Court, or opened the ponderous treatise of Hon'ble Justice Blackstone or Addison on *Torts*, for many a blank day.

Still, as Philosopher Plato observed, "*Nihil humani alienum a me puto*," and my time has not been actually squandered in the theft of Procrastination, but rather employed in the proper study of Mankind, and acquiring a more complete knowingness in *Ars Vivendi*.

So I think it worth to direct public attention to the dangers of a practice which threatens to develop into an epidemical kind of plague, and carry the deteriorating trails of a serpent over our household families, unless promptly scotched by benevolent firmness of a paternal Government.

Need I explain I am alluding to the nowaday passion for propelling oneself at a severe speed by dint of unstable and most precarious machinery? It is now the exception which breaks the rule to take the air in the streets without being startled by the unseemly spectacles of go-ahead citizens straddled upon such revolutionary contrivances, threading their way with breakneck velocity under the very noses of omnibus and other horses, and ringing the shrill welkin of a tintinnabulating gong!

Nay, even after the Curfew has taken its toll from the knell of parting day, and darkness reigns supreme, they will urge on their wild career, illuminated by the dim religious light of a small oil lamp!

I possess no knack of medical knowledge, but I boldly state my opinion that such daredevilry must necessarily inflict a deleterious result to the nervous organisms of these riders; and, who knows, of their posterity? For no one can expect to have hairbreadth escapes from the running gauntlet continuously, without suffering a shattering internal panic, while catastrophes of fatal injury to life and limb have become *de rigueur*.

"I instantaneously endured the total upset!"

Experto crede—for I can support my *obiter dictum* by the crushing weight of personal experience. A few mornings since I had the honour to escort Miss Jessimina Mankletow and a middle-aged select female boarder into the interior of Hyde Park. The day was fine, though frigid, and I was wearing my fur-lined overcoat, with boots of patent Japan leather, and a Bombay gold-embroidered cap, so that I was a mould of form and the howling nob.

Picture my amazement when, as I promenaded the path beside the waters of the Serpentine lake, I beheld a wheeled cavalcade of every conceivable age, sex, and appearance; senile gaffers and baby buntings; multitudinous women, some plump as a duckling, others thin as a paper-thread; aye, and even priests in sanctimonious black and milk-white cravats, rolling swiftly upon two wheels, and all agog to dash through thick and thin!

On seeing which, the matured lady boarder did exclaim upon the difficulties of the performance, and the vast crowd that had collected to view such a *tour de force*, but I, perceiving that those seated upon the machines used no exorbitant exertions, and, indeed, appeared to be wholly engrossed in social intercourse, responded that no skill was required to circulate these bicycles, which, owing to being surrounded with air-cushions, would proceed *proprio motu* and without meandering.

Thereupon Miss Mankletow expressed an ardent desire to behold myself upon one of these same machines, and—as we were now close to the effigy of Hon'ble Duke of Wellington disguised as an Achilles, near which were certain *bunniahs* trafficking with bicycles—I, wishing to pleasure my fair companion, approached one of these contractors and bargained with him for the sole user of his vehicle for the space of one calendar hour, to which he consented at the *honorarium* of one rupee four annas.

But, on receiving the bicycle from his hands, I at once perceived myself under a total impossibility of achieving its ascent—for no sooner had I protruded one leg over the saddle than the foremost wheel averted itself, and the entire machine bit the dust, which afforded lively and infinite entertainment to my feminine companions.

I, however, reproached the *bunniah* for furnishing a worn-out effete affair that was not in working order or a going concern, but he, by assuring me that it was all right, cajoled me into trying once more. So, divesting myself of my fur-lined overcoat, which I commanded a hobbardyhoy of the sweeper class to hold, I again mounted upon the saddle, while the proprietor of the machine sustained it in a position of rectitude, and then, supporting me by the superfluity of my pantaloons, he propelled me from the rear, counselling me to press my feet vigorously upon the paddles. But it all proved as the labour of Sisyphus, for the seat was of sadly insufficient dimensions and adamantine hardihood, and whenever the bicycleman released his hold, I instantaneously endured the total upset!

Then again I reproved him for his *Punica fides*, informing him that I required a machine that would run with smooth progressiveness, precisely similar to those I beheld in motion around me. To which he replied that I must not expect to be able to ride *impromptu* as well as individuals who had only mastered the accomplishment by long continuity of practice and industry.

"Oh, man of wilytongue!" I addressed him. "Not thus will you bamboozle my supposed simplicity! For if the art were indeed so difficult as you pretend, how should it be acquired by so many timid and delicate feminines and mere nurselings? This machine of yours is nothing but an obsolete *hors de combat* with which it is not humanly possible to work the oracle!"

At which, waxing with indignation, he leaped upon it, and, to my surprise, did easily propel it in whatsoever direction he pleased, and its motive power appeared to be similar in every respect to the rest; so, beguiled by his representations that, under his instructions, I should speedily become a *chef-d'œuvre*, I once more suffered myself to mount the machine; but, whether from superabundant energy of my foot-paddling, or the alarming fact that we were upon the descent of a precipitous slope, I was soon horrified at finding that my instructor was stripped out, and I abandoned to the lurch of my Caudine fork!

Oh, my goodness! My heart turns to water at the nude recollection of such an unparalleled predicament, for the now unrestrained bicycle *vires acquirit eundo*, and in seven-league boots! While I, wet as a clout with anxiety and perspiration, did grasp the handles like the horns of a dilemma, calling out in agonised accents to the bystanders,—"Help! I am running away with myself! Half a rupee for my life-preserver!"

But they were all as if to burst with laughter, and none had the ordinary heroism to intervene, and I with ever increasing rapidity was borne helplessly down the declivity towards the gates of Hyde Park Corner, when, by the benevolence of Providence, the anterior wheel ran under a railing, and I flew off like a tangent into the comparative security of a mud-barrow!

On my return and solicitous inquiry for my fur-lined overcoat, I had the further shock to discover that it was *solvitur ambulando!*

After such a shuddering experience and narrow squeak of my safety, I confidently appeal to the authorities to extinguish this highly dangerous and foolhardy sort of so-called amusement, or at the very least to issue paternal orders that, in future, no one shall be

permitted to ride upon any bicycle possessing less than three wheels, or guilty of a greater celerity than three (or four) miles per hour.

The fair Miss MANKLETOW amended this proposal by suggesting that the Public should be restricted at once to perambulators; but this is, perhaps, *majori cautelâ*, and an instance of the over-solicitude of the female intellect, for it is not feasible to treat an adult, who has assumed the *toga virilis* and tall hat, as if he was still mewling and puking in a tucker and bib.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(*For Ladies only.*)

[As our unfair Correspondent has positively declined to share such emoluments as the mention of certain trading firms may bring in (*quâ* advertisements), we have adopted a perfectly equitable course in suppressing all such names. N.B. Any inquiries on the subject must be addressed to Editor, marked "private."—ED.]

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—You owe me a thousand *félicitations;* not on my birthday, for that you know only blooms with the early roses in June, but on an Event. I hasten to chronicle it with all speed in that perfumed violet fluid which Messrs. * * * have rendered so necessary to all fair correspondents. In a word, as VICTOR HUGO puts it, I have had a personal interview with the Duchess of HAGGERSTON!!!! Naturally *je m'en raffole.* Are you not surprised, sweet coz, and was I not right in claiming your compliments? It was dear old General WHISKER (about whom such funny after-dinner stories are told, so FRED FLANEUR assures me,) who arranged the meeting. The General is *au mieux* with her Grace, who, like a wise woman, does not care for the society of the "masherkins" (the dear Duchess's own expression) of the frivolous theatres. However, imagine little ME (after an hour's journey by train, when I did not catch cold, thanks to one of Madame * * *'s new *Edredon* railway rugs) arriving in a cab at the frowning portals of Kagmagag Castle, a Norman structure which was taken by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR from the Saxon Princess ELFWYDLA, and given to the Duke's ancestor, who filled the post of *Tire-Bouchon de la Cour* on the field of Hastings.

My arrival was evidently expected, for I was immediately ushered through a vast hall, filled with battle-axes, by an enormously tall footman, who would make his fortune in the Life-Guards, into the Duchess's boudoir. The splendid fellow—such a gentleman—begged me to be seated, assuring me that her Grace would join me in a few minutes, and having gracefully thrown some coals (the M-rq-s of X's "Best Screened," I could see) on the fire, left me with a princely bow to the contemplation of this delicious retreat—a niche in fairyland, with its delicate *eau de nil* hangings, furniture *en suite*, and treasury of Sèvres and Dresden ornaments, interspersed with roses, camellias, orchids, palms, and tree ferns. Note-book in hand, I jotted down some of the more striking *objets d'art*, such as a gold Cupid with turquoise eyes; a malachite fountain discharging *extrait de réséda* (* * *'s invention); a full-length portrait in oils of * * *, the famous low comedian; framed photographs (signed) of the Crowned Heads of Europe; a capacious ebony and silver box filled with * * *'s choicest cigarettes; a marble bust of Mlle. Z * *, the witty French *chanteuse;* a collection of richly illuminated Greek missals; a negro's skull arranged as a candle-stick (I fancied I traced the skill of Messrs. * * * in this), and a superb rug made, as I afterwards ascertained, from the tails of Siberian guinea-pigs, and valued at many thousands of pounds. Perhaps you will smile at these *minutiæ*, but surely the woman in possession had a right to take the inventory?

"OH, I SY! WOT'S ORANGE FREE STATE MEAN, BILLY?"
"WHY, WHERE YER GITS YER ORANGES FOR NUFFIN, STOOPID!"

My pencilling (* * *'s shorthand) was interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess herself. Ah! *mamie*, conceive a goddess, a Juno, with languishing blue eyes, gold-bronze locks, and the stature of Diana—a *svelte* divinity, who would have inspired the Muse of V * *, or the brush of P * * P * * R * *. Her Grace was in cycling costume, which enabled me the better to view the fascinating proportions of her *taille*. I noted that her tailor-made knickerbockers were of thick quilted navy-blue silk, and her shapely legs incased in a pair of * * *'s Royal tartan hose. On her mouse-like Tr-lb-s were the pinked brogues for which * * * is so famous. The Duchess, producing a *brûle-gueule* from her jacket pocket (the garment was cut *à la* W-ll-m W-ll-ce, with pebble buttons), lighted it with a real fusee, and observed in quite a business-like way: "Now I dare say that my time's as valuable as yours, Miss What's-your-name. You want to know something about me. Here goes. Do I hunt? Yes, and race, fish, shoot, cycle, as you see, yacht, and play the banjo, the bagpipes, penny whistle and Jew's harp. I can't spell, and am ignorant of grammar, but I write for half-a-dozen periodicals—someone corrects my articles, I don't. I'm Dame-President of the Kagmagag Daffodil League, a bit of a SARAH BERNHARDT in my way, and can give twenty in a hundred at billiards to most men. The New Woman doesn't concern me in the least, but I'm partial to distinguished old men. I like going the rounds and winning a good *coup* at *baccarat*. Monte Carlo's twice as good a place as this dingy old dust-pan of a Castle. If my ancestors had built it instead of the Duke's, I'd have sent all their ugly old mugs to the National Portrait Gallery. Any views as to the mission of our sex? Yes, to make the oof-bird fly. Literature? No time for books, prefer spicy, up-to-date journals. Now I've got a skittle match on, so you'll have to scoot. You'll find tea, or B.-and-S., if you prefer it, in the housekeeper's room. Ta! Ta!!"

A Such, dear, were the *ipse dixit* words of this *grande châtelaine*. While I was discussing a cup of fragrant Bokoe (Messrs. * * *'s importation) with the ducal *sénéchale*—a fine old lady of some eighty winters—she gave me a recipe which you should try. It is short and savoury. Braise six *fonds d'artichaux* in the gravy of three Surrey fowls; add the juice of four pomegranates, and three soft bloater roes, and serve with Parmesan cheese, French mustard and syrup of chicory. The latter can only be obtained from the * * * Co., Ltd. Ever, dear,

Your loving cousin, KADJ.

SUNDAY COLLECTION FOR THE S. P. G.

(*Little Pedlington.*)

After Morning Service.
"Oh—er—I 'm coming again *this afternoon*, you know."

After Afternoon Service.
"Oh—er—I was here *this morning*, you know."

'ARRY ON AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

Dear Charlie,—'Ow goes it, old Oyster?
Shut up in your stuffy old shell,
Out o' town, out of life, out of heverything, far from the Bank and Pell-Mell,
You're a regular old *Rip van Winkle*, or winkle without the *Rip van*
All 'ard-shell and 'orny blind hoptic. Lawks, 'ow *do* you stand it, old man?

In town things skip lively, I tell you; political pots on the bile.
"'Oly calm"? Oh, my eye and a band-box, the ghost of old Beaky must smile!
True the Rads and 'Ome Rulers are kiboshed, and clean off their crumpets with spite,
But elsewere it is like good old times of 'eads up, and "We don't want to fight."

With Rads it is always "tails down"! 'Owsomever *they* 're not in the 'unt.
Thanks to Brummagem Joe, who has floored them, and seems coming slap to the front.
I've given 'im beans in the bygones, I'm nuts on that brave Doctor Jim,
But Joe 'as 'is pints, I admit, and you cannot knock flies off of '*im*.

"Pell-Mell and the Bank," I remarked, Charlie. Ah! *that*'s the text for to-day;
Toffs and Tin, Charlie, Fashion and Funds! They 're the only two barneys as pay.
Ask Barney Barnato, ask Rhodes, ask poor dooks, ask a rich lady Yank;
And they 'll tell you in Mammon's own Bible *the* text is Pell-Mell and the Bank.

That 's wot old Sol Solomons tells me. Queer codger, old Sol. Off 'is chump.
Sort of Sisherlist I. L. P. patriarch; learned on "boom" and on "slump."
Like a grey Jeremiah gone wrong, with a beard like Niagra froze 'ard,
Or a door-mat as badly wants beating. But can't 'e spin yarns by the yard?

Rum thing, mate, your fair stony-broker who lives up a court, on the cadge,
Bangs Rothschild in talking of millions. I'll wager a crown to a fadge
Sol knows more about bimetallism than Chaplin or Balfour hisself;
And Sol says the Gods of our Period are Privilege, Pedigree, Pelf.

The Prince and the Priest, grumbles Sol, 'ave give place to a new tyrant-curse,
As villainous-'ard and more vulgar, and that is the Power o' the Purse.
Poor Sol! That's the bee in *his* bonnet. But swelp me Jemimer, old man,
If you can't get a slice of good old "Golden Calf," you must grub on cold scran.

So fur Silly Solly is right. 'Ow the doose can a cove cut a dash,
In Society—Church, State, *or* Sport—if 'e ain't got the 'andling of cash?
It need not be 'is own—to *begin* with, the shareholders' shekels will do;
But, Charlie, *the* duffingest game is 'ard work on a measly small screw.

Spekkylation's the oyster, my pippin, from which you may pick the big pearl.
Life is all pitch-and-toss, when you think on it. Wot is it keeps up the whirl,
Spins the artful ones up to the surface, sucks duffers and 'onest mugs down?
Well, it isn't 'ard work and straight ways, you may bet Chartered shares to a crown.

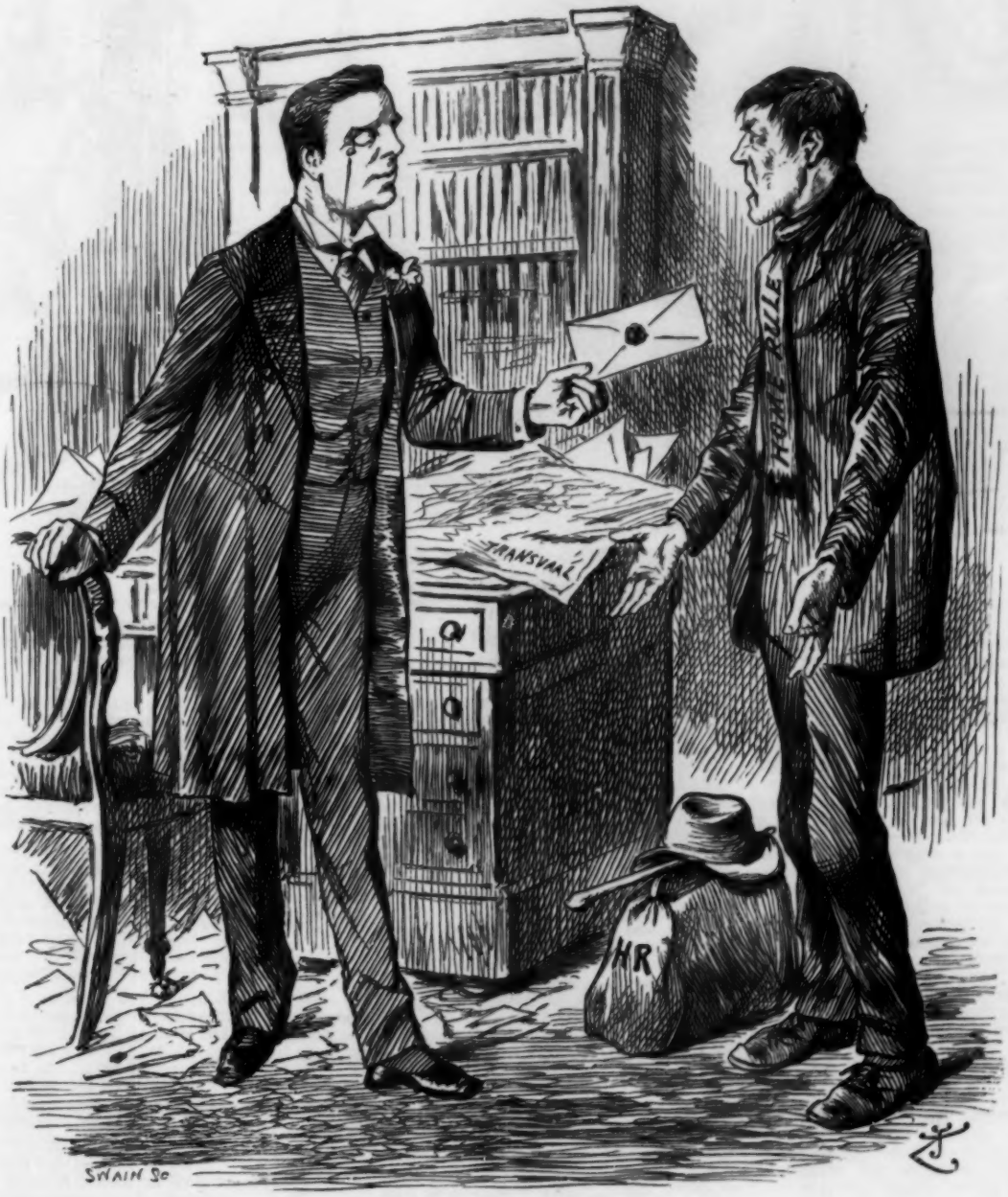
I'm a thinking of going out, Charlie. That 's wot set your pal on this lay.
"'Arry's preaching," thinks you! Well, mate, preaching is not 'Arry's mark—it don't pay.
But two quid a week and no perks *is* a getting a little mite slow;
And Johannesburg—*if there's no fighting*—would jest about suit me, I know.

Only want to see Joseph more down on that artful old Dutchman, and then
I'm an Outlander all round my 'at, Charlie, either with pick or with pen,
*Any*think but a rifle! It's clear that your Boer is a bullying brute,
Who will whine, and won't mine, the old mug; but, by Jingo, 'e knows how to shoot.

This mixing up bizness and bullets is bosh, as those Cornishmen thought.
If I'd been a soldier *by trade*, like a 'ero, no doubt, I'd 'ave fought;
But lor! to be called from the counter to strap on a shot-belt and fight,
May do all very well for Dutch burghers, but dashed if I think it seems right.

It 's a pity that brave Doctor Jim didn't wipe those Dutch farmers clean out;
As with proper support, and no Joe, 'e'd 'ave done, I 'ave not the least doubt.
Oh! I'm not nuts on potry myself, and I think "lines" is mostly tin-pot;
But when I read Austin—well, 'Arry must own 'e felt 'appy and 'ot!

They wos worthy of good old Macdermott, they wos, them there lines, and no kid.
A Briton as goes in a buster, and don't care a blow wot 'e's *bid*,



A POOR RELATION.

Home Rule (*disconsolately*). "WHAT'S TO BECOME OF *ME?*"

Rt. Hon. J. C. "WELL—THINGS HAVE GONE A BIT AGAINST YOU *HERE*, BUT THERE'S A NICE OPENING FOR YOU IN THE TRANSVAAL. PRESENT THIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO MY FRIEND MR. KRÜGER."

QUITE UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

Newly-appointed Magistrate. "ANY PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS AGAINST THE PRISONER?"

I say is a shore-going NELSON, as laws and conventions will jump,
And to call such a buster a mere *filli*buster gives 'ARRY the 'ump.

"Raid" be jolly well jiggered, dear boy! England fust, and the rest as they can!
That's *my* motter, my own "MONROE Doctrine," as ought to be stuck to, old man,
Spite o' Dutchmen, and Yanks, German Hemprors, and all sech houtsiders. Great Scott!
Old England, as SOLSBURY put it, can take on the whole blooming lot!

Yes, SOLSBURY's *my* man, bless 'is boko! If 'e'd do a turn at the 'Alls,
And recite ALFRED AUSTIN's new pome, gad, we'd blow the roof bang off the walls!
Brum JOE?—well, so-so!—BALFOUR?—tol-lol!—but SOLLY and ALFRED? Oh, lor!
The hangcore for "Marquidge and Minstrel" would give German BILLY wot for!

It's clear 'e 's no class, that young Sossige, as ought to know better, yes, much,
Than to chip at 'is Good Gracious Grandma, along of a hugly Old Dutch.
If ARRY goes out to the Transvaal 'e won't turn a Dutchman, no fear!
And e won't want no Germans to swamp 'im; 'e's 'ad fur too much of 'em *'ere!*

I'll watch 'ow things pan out, my pippin; and if JOE's as good as 'is word,
And don't knuckle hunder to KRÜGER, like GLADSTONE,—as *would* be absurd,—
And if the Rand game don't mean rifles, as *I've* no hambition to carry,
The Johannesburg Outlanders *may* 'ave the 'onour of welcomin' 'ARRY.

THE FIRST QUESTION.—The North Pole! Discovery!! Who was at the head of it? Liberal? Unionist? or Conservative?

A NOTE FROM THE NORTH POLE.

Arrival at Destination.—Eureka! My excursion—undertaken in the interests of civilisation and the proprietors of the Patent Wardrobe Hat Company, Limited—has been successful! Have secured all vacant spaces on North Pole for advertising purposes. Already fixed up double-crown poster of the useful article for which I am travelling. The placard, showing the various compartments of the Patent Wardrobe Hat—here a space reserved for linen, there another for dress clothes, yonder a third for boots—is most effective. The picture is displayed under Union Jack. Expect to do big business in Greenland. Advertising will sell anything. Shall advertise North Pole itself for sale. Lots more where that came from. Supply can be kept up to demand.

Particulars of a Newly-discovered Landmark.—After leaving the dreary waste—which I christened "New Berlin," out of compliment to the German EMPEROR—we came to some hot-water springs, admirably adapted to the requirements of first-class baths and wash-houses.*

Sad Sights.—A dead wall. POOR thing! Enlivened it at once with pictorial advertisement. Applications for space to be made to me, per agent.

Commercial Possibilities of the North Pole.—"What shall we do now?" asked my companion, staring blankly at the other side of the North Pole not yet used for advertisement purposes. "Scratch a Pole," I replied, briskly. Which we did: carving our names on it, and appropriating it. (And here, let me say, in view of any association being launched, that I hold the concession, and shall expect to be managing director.) So far as I am able to judge, the ice surrounding the Pole is rich in gold, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Tobacco could be profitably grown with the assistance of my new patent process. Oyster beds might be laid out, and the bivalves exported to England ready frozen. The spot, on account of its central position, is admirably suited to colonists, as it is equally accessible from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. As the soil has never been tilled, it is ripe for experiments in scientific farming. The climate is dry and bracing. There are natural advantages in the place that would be of the greatest possible service in establishing an ice manufactory on the largest scale imaginable. As there are no railways omnibuses, nor cabs, there are naturally openings for all these industries. Splendid site for golf-ground, and promising career open to young man with small capital ready to accept position as foreman of works, tax collector, county councillor, tramway director, balloonist, bank manager, adjutant of volunteers, county court registrar, inspector of hoardings, &c., &c.

N.B. Should the Tussaud Wax-work people want a model of it (the real pole cannot be moved, *at present*, without creating considerable disturbance), I shall be happy to make arrangements for supplying them with an exact reproduction, on certain fair terms.

In conclusion, I beg to state that should anyone doubt my assertions there is a very simple way of testing their accuracy. Those who do not believe what I say about the North Pole can judge for themselves by *going there and seeing it!* There is no charge for admission, and the direction for the road is "as straight as you can go, and then turn sharply to the left."

* Have established Club here, with all modern appliances.

Distinguished Art Connoisseur and Collector (who has obtained permission to see over "The Moat," Fenshire) stopping before a portrait in the hall. "AH! SIR JOSHUA, OF COURSE!"

Lodge Keeper's Wife (bridling). "SIR JOSHUA, INDEED! THERE AIN'T NO *JOSHUAS* IN THE FAM'LY! THAT'S 'IS PRESENT LORDSHIP'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER, THE FOURTH HEARL O' FITZ-BATTLEAXE!"

FAME.

["The following special cable message appears in to-day's issue of the London edition of the *Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News*, a paper said to be conducted in the interests of the Boer Government:—'AUSTIN'S poem caused much amusement.'"—*Daily Graphic, February* 6.]

January 11.—Have surpassed myself. No more verses to flowers and such feeble things. "*Arma virumque cano.*" That shall be my style for the future. This poem certainly does look uncommonly well in the largest type in the *Times*. SWINBURNE and the others don't get their poor efforts printed like that. Remember that RUDYARD KIPLING once had some verses published in the same type. *Eheu! Hélas!* so he did. But nobody could understand them. Now I use, and, by using, glorify, ordinary words such as "addle their pates." What would my predecessor, A. T., have thought of that? But then he did not sound a clarion blast to rouse the patriotism of his country. I will be *fortiter*, no longer *suaviter, in modo*. Shall give up cultivating snowdrops. The onion is a nobler and stronger bulb.

January 15.—Immense enthusiasm at the Alhambra where my poem is recited. Not the Alhambra in Spain. The other one. This is indeed fame. A. T. never had anything recited at the Alhambra. Come to that, SWINBURNE and the others never had such luck either. Not even ERIC MACKAY! Won't they all be green with envy? And won't the enemies of England tremble? Don't talk of a strong navy. What England wants is a strong laureate. And she's got him! By Jove! Time I brought in some Latin. Almost forgot it. Indispensable to my prose style.

Nolumus pugnare,
Sed, O Jingo, si facimus,
Habemus homines, habemus laureatum,
Habemus atque pecuniam.

These lines are not intended to be scanned, but to be sung. Perhaps they will do for the Empire. Ah, noble name! London Empire suggests British Empire. *Civis Britannicus sum, ego laureatus.* Have dug up all my Dutch bulbs. Shall cultivate only roses, shamrocks, and thistles.

February 1.—Don't seem to read much about that poem in the newspapers. But at least it has checked the boldness of England's enemies. They are silenced. HOMER himself could have done no more. As for DANTE or SHAKSPEARE—— However, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Roses are all very well, but shamrocks and thistles will make a poor show. Shall cover all available space with geraniums of the brightest scarlet, the military colour.

February 14.—Someone has sent me a cutting from the London edition of the *Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News* of last week, evidently as a valentine. At last I shall know the result of my poem. Of course the Boers are disheartened, hopeless, crushed. I and the Alhambra have done that. Begin to feel some pity for them, as for a snail smashed beneath my foot. But they are, poetically at least, England's enemies, and I am her Laureate. Miserable men! Let them perish in the ignominy to which I have deservedly consigned them. Now I will read this cutting. It says "AUSTIN'S poem caused much amusement." What! They laughed? Oh heavens! *O dii immortales!* O ye gods! Perhaps others have laughed at it. Even my ungrateful countrymen! Even the frequenters of the music halls! Even, worst of all, SWINBURNE and the others! Begin to think I will never write any more patriotic poems. Only they do look so nice in that large type in the *Times*. For the present in seclusion I will cultivate the bashful violet, "*sub tegmine fagi*," or *quercus*, or *ulmi*, or anything else that will hide my confusion and my blushes.

"BIRDIE."

WHAT does little Birdie say
In her nest at break of day?
"Five thousand pounds he's had to pay,
The Gaiety will be more gay."

'ARRY AN' OOM PAUL.

First 'Arry.—I sy, i that chap KRUGER comes over, you 'll give 'im a welcome, eh?

Second 'Arry.—'Course I will! As a true Brittun I should 'old out my fin to 'im and sy, "Ol' man! give us your '*and!*'" ("Your Rand" was 'Arry's meanin'.)

FROM H-LY TO S-XT-N.

[MR. HEALY has written to Mr. SEXTON asking him to take the Leadership of the Irish Party, and he (TIM H.) will efface himself or retire.]

I DO not feel quite merry myself,
So preach to you a text on;
See here! I'll help to bury myself
If *you* will be Chief Sexton.

HAD ENOUGH OF BEING "HECKLED."—An unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate being recommended a northern voyage for change of air, refused to land in Iceland because he had been informed he should there come across the original Heckla.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE WOUNDED GALLANT TO THE WILFUL PEDESTRIAN.

THE rain has never ceased to fall
On roof and tree with weirdful wash;
For "gamps and gaiters" there's a call,
For waterproof and mackintosh.
Your little *brodequin*'s fain to hide
Its shape within the grim goloeh,
Those armour-plated hoofs beside
That on the sodden gravel squash.

I've done my best; I've pointed out
The folly of this tearful trip,
And shown how it must end in rout,
Defeated by this doleful drip.
And yet your friend *must* have his tramp
Through weary wastes of woeful wet,
Unmindful of the twinge of Cramp,
Or Rheumatism's sharp regret.

There may be reason for this craze
Of plodding 'neath a weeping sky!
There may be hope within the haze
That hides a sun of by-and-by!
I ask'd you not to go—you went.
With broken limb I bear the smart.
Should you redeem the love you lent,
You will not cause a broken heart.

If draggled, colourless to see,
Back from this ramble you return,
I will all self-denying be,
Perchance your gratitude to earn.
I could not without bitter pain
Forswear the portrait that I drew;
So, till you've made yourself again,
I vow I will not look at you!

THE TURN OF THE "TIED."—The revolt of the publicans against the brewers. A new version of the old Queen's Theatre drama.

"NANSEN."

(*Old Chorus to "I would I were with Nancy," adapted.*)

I WOULD I were with NANSEN,
I do! I do!
On the frozen shore
For a minute or more
I'd like to be with NANSEN!
At the Pole!
On the whole
I'm glad I'm not with NANSEN!

THE BEST ARBITRATOR FOR THE VENEZUELA QUESTION.—Mr. W. G. GRACE, the champion cricketer. He knows the duties of an umpire, and is sure to make "a boundary hit."

NEW NAME FOR HIM.—*Done*-Raven.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—Quite a crowd of new Members to take oath and seat on this our opening day. Some are fruits of General Election. Might have come up in July last, but for various reasons deferred the ceremony. Honest MICHAEL DAVITT was in Australia when two Irish constituencies competed for honour of his hand.

"Reminds me," said JAMES BRYCE, "of the seven cities struggling for honour of being the birthplace of him whom ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS once alluded to as 'our old friend HOMER.'

Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua."

Pretty to see the Bashful BARTLEY blushing his way towards the table. If he had his own will, would like quietly to slip in before House meets, kiss the book, and sign the Roll when no one was looking. It was this insurmountable shyness that kept him back from joining throng sworn-in in July. Came down more than once with intention of getting the ordeal over. But something ever intervened—the twittering of a sparrow, the roll of a cab wheel, the July sunlight flickering across lettering on collar of policeman by Members' entrance. Small things unaccountable to ordinary adamantine natures.

"BARTLEY," as Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES sometimes says, with a tremor in his voice, "is altogether misplaced. He ought to have come up as a cowslip, or looked from afar on a turbulent world through the blue eyes of a violet."

To-day he long hovered on outskirts of group pressing forward to take oath. They wanted to make room for him as an old Member. He shrank further and further under friendly shadow of gallery. Only for prompt action on part of Private HANBURY, who arrested his fleeting footstep, he would have gone back to Victoria Street and deposited himself in the Penny Savings Bank.

Very different the bearing and carriage of WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, M.A. Coming in at bye-election, he was introduced in due form by CARSON, Q.C., and WALROND, both men of inches. Historian of Eighteenth Century towered above them as the Century itself o'ertops its younger brethren. Lofty stature, like reading and writing, comes by nature. What entranced the House was the the lithe, graceful, forward movement, the light poising of his credentials between forefinger and thumb, the smile that beamed alike upon the just and the unjust, the mien as deferential to the messenger behind the Speaker's chair as to its august occupant.

SARK much affected. "Glad," he said, mopping his eyes, "to have lived to see this day. Do you remember what CHARLES DICKENS wrote of another 'very gentlemanly man,' who lived in the neighbourhood of Bleak House? 'He was not like youth; he was not like age; he was not like anything in the world but a model of Deportment.' LECKY comes here with the weight of reputation established outside which broke down JOHN STUART MILL, and has killed some other great men. That is bad enough. But the author of *The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* will have to live up to his first walk down the floor of the House. He'll find that the hardest task of all."

Business done.—Address moved.

Thursday.—Troublous times just now for our TINY TIM. As everyone knows, our TIM's natural impulse, like that of his prototype in the *Christmas Carol*, is to utter and live up to the pious exclamation, "God bless us everyone."

"Somehow," it is written in the *Christmas Carol*, "*Tiny Tim* gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard."

Exigencies of hour compel our TIM to sit alone, usually at corner seat of third bench below gangway. His benevolent aspirations, his universal blessing, have not precisely the effect that might be expected. Not to put too fine a point upon it, his relations with his compatriots are a little strained. JOHN DILLON does not love JOHN REDMOND; JOHN REDMOND, his heart bleeding with sympathy for Ireland, would like to punch JOHN DILLON's head. They are united in detestation of TINY TIM. Thus he sits apart and thinks strange, sad things.

For a while yesterday his heart glowed within him. DILLON had moved an amendment to Address, censuring Government for omitting Home Rule Bill from modest list of measures announced in Queen's Speech. Home Rule, as the world knows, is the desire of the heart of every true Irishman. For it patriots have given up everything, to go and live in London, joining what is modestly described as its best club. Personal differences have unhappily arisen. TIM deplores them with almost passionate regret.

"Why cannot we," he

Some LECKY-daisical attitudes!

said, only this afternoon, "dwell together in unity, bearing and forbearing?"

When he saw JOHN REDMOND rise to second JOHN DILLON's amendment his heart swelled within him. Tears dimmed his spectacles; a gasp of grateful emotion was audible, even across the House. Here was the seed he had planted growing up in the stoniest of places. For Ireland's sake, JOHN REDMOND was ready to sink personal considerations, and play second fiddle to JOHN DILLON. Even whilst TIM was wiping his glasses, as a preliminary to mastering his emotion, JOHN REDMOND shattered all his pleased hopes. DILLON, he said in harsh voice, had by a manœuvre dislodged him from his place of precedence. He had intended to move a Home Rule Amendment, and so show Ireland who was her true friend. DILLON had craftily got in ahead of him, and not only forestalled his amendment, but threatened to burke his speech.

Only one way to avoid latter sacrifice. He would second amendment, and so reel off speech. First, however, he would, like the Baboo, expose JOHN DILLON's *cui bono* in all its hideous nakedness. This he did, and incidentally went on to show how peaceful, prosperous, and contented Ireland would be if its home government were entrusted to him and his loved colleagues.

TINY TIM's depression at this turn of affairs equalled only by the generous exultation with which he had observed what he had thought was the burning of private feuds on the altar of the country. Now he sat thoughtful, isolated in his corner seat, "thinking the strangest things you ever heard." The House was, however, privileged to hear them. The sight of PRINCE ARTHUR on his legs discoursing about Ireland ever makes TIM articulate. Still more exhilarating is the spectacled DON JOSÉ, quiet, strong, master of himself and his subject. To-night, whilst these two spoke, TIM dropped a running and occasionally embarrassing commentary. Once PRINCE ARTHUR had launched into lofty passage descriptive of benefits conferred by Parliament on Ireland.

"We give to the Irish race living within our jurisdiction every privilege we ask for ourselves. We give them not merely their share, but more than their share——"

Here the voice of TINY TIM shrilly piped, "Of coercion."

"——of representation in this House," PRINCE ARTHUR proceeded, preferring to conclude his own sentence. But TIM was in first, and would have upset the equanimity and spoiled the speech of a less practised debater.

Some comfort found in these little explosions. Ever remains the abiding sorrow of seeing Ireland suffer whilst patriots pull each other's hair.

HARDLY DE-CHORUS!

"If the Boers of the Transvaal had raised the 68th Psalm in celebration of their victory, I, for one, would have been ready to join in the chorus (*sic!*)."—*Mr. Leonard Courtney, Feb.* 13.

"They have their quarrel," says TIM sadly, "and England has our estate."

Business done.—First division in new Parliament. Home Rule Amendment negatived by 276 votes against 160.

Friday.—Still twanging Irish harp when not beating the Transvaal drum. To-night both on. COURTNEY volunteered little vocal music by way of change. "If the Transvaal Boers," he said, "had raised the sixty-eighth Psalm in celebration of their victory, I, for one, would have been ready to join in the chorus."

Not usually a chorus attached to a Psalm, but that a detail. Selah.

When KRÜGER comes over, he and COURTNEY should give us a stave. If JOUBERT accompanies the President, make it a trio.

Not sure that KRÜGER's coming. DON JOSÉ got his back up by undertaking to govern Transvaal as well as the Cabinet. "In earlier life," says Sir WALTER FOSTER, Bart., M.D., "DON JOSÉ and I used to work together in happy Birmingham. Glad enough of my advice in those days. Would have been better off if he had sought it in these. It doesn't require man of my professional eminence and experience to perceive the fatal flaw underlying his despatching that dose of Home Rule for Transvaal. Suppose a London doctor were, uninvited, to send to one of my patients at Edgbaston a phial of medicine marked 'To be taken internally.' Would he swallow it? Certainly not. He'd reply, 'You be blowed. You're not my doctor.' Transvaal case and DON JOSÉ's Home Rule panacea on all fours with this. Natural consequences have followed. DON JOSÉ a clever man; but he will see he would do well when making new friends not to ignore his old counsellors."

Business done.—Much talk round Address.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(*A Vision of the Near Future.*)

THE proceedings at yesterday's congregation were of an unusually protracted nature, as nearly all the lady M.A.'s now in residence addressed the Senate at some length. Miss BELLE, of Girton, suggested that a change should be made in the colour of the university hoods. Fur, she remarked, was altogether unsuitable and unfashionable in the summer months, and white silk by no means suited everyone. She would suggest that entire freedom should be given to graduates—or, at least, to lady-graduates—to select the colours and materials that would harmonise best with their dresses. It was ultimately decided that a Syndicate should obtain patterns from Messrs. LIBERTY, and report to the Senate on the subject.

Miss HOMESPUN brought forward a "grace" for the appointment of an University Professor of Needlework, at a salary of £1000. It has been urged, she said, that the result of the higher education of women was to unfit them for domestic duties. In order to refute this, it would be an excellent plan to endow a Professorship for teaching this most useful accomplishment. She was aware that the post would be an onerous one, and she therefore proposed to occupy it herself. The grace, however, was "non-placeted" by 345 votes to 1.

One of the Fellows of Girton called the attention of the Senate to a gross neglect of his duty on the part of one of the Proctors. An undergraduate of her college had caused great disturbance by holding extremely rowdy "Cocoas" in her room; and when rebuked for her misconduct, had called the speaker "an old cat." She had referred the matter to the Proctor, requesting him to fine the delinquent heavily; but he had taken absolutely no notice of her letter. The reason of this misplaced leniency she had just discovered; the Proctor, she blushed to say, was engaged to the young lady in question. (*Cries of "Shame!" and great uproar.*)

The Proctor explained that, together with all his colleagues, he wished to resign his office. His work had been difficult enough before, but now that ladies had become members of the University, it was impossible to perform it. To have to deal with crowds of abominable girls ("*Oh!*"), who only giggled when he asked their name and college, was absolutely maddening. (*Derisive cheers.*)

The Senior Dean of Newnham pointed out that all the best buildings in the University were, quite unjustly, allotted to the men. This anomaly must be removed. She would allow the Trinity men to remain undisturbed for the present. (*Applause from* Dr. BUTLER.) But Newnham must have a worthier abode than its present one. On the whole, she thought that Clare College would suit them very nicely. She, therefore, proposed that the Newnham students should be transferred to Clare, and that the Clare men should live in Newnham for the future.

The Tutor of Clare remarked that the Dean of Newnham might try to evict him and his College as soon as they pleased. He would only add that they had a fire-engine of considerable power, and—— (*Uproar.*)

As it was nearly tea-time, the Senate shortly afterwards adjourned.

WHERE WRIGHT WAS NOT MIGHT.—In the trial of the Haggerston Election Petition.

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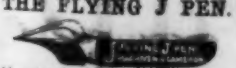

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